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THE

DORSETSHIRE GARLAND.

TEWKESBURY:

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THE DORSETSHIRE GARLAND.

BRITISH MUSEUM

BEHOLD near the borders of fair Dorſetſhire,
Where labour is cheap and money is dear,
There liv'd a poor labourer, a thraſher of corn,
Who in ſeven ſeaſon's had eight children born.

We needs but confeſs that hard was his fare,
Who had ſuch a charge to maintain by his care;
Yet ne'er was he known to repine at the ſame,
But ſtill to his labour moſt chearfully came.

To Billy the eldeſt ſuch learning he gave,
As few in the country much better could have,
He being the eldeſt, the joy of his heart,
Of a pleaſant deportment in every part.

At length among many who pleas'd their delight,
Was placed ſweet William on a rich noble knight;
Who took him in order his ſervant to make
Of him for the ſake of true honour and faith.

He had not been long in the ſervice, before
His maſters daughter began him to adore:
Sweet William who was conſtant in her view,
Yet nevertheleſs it was more than he knew.

The folly of pride it did never reflect,
He ſhew'd himſelf humble in every reſpect,
Both to the old knight and his daughter likewiſe,
Behold it was Cupid that gained the prize.

While in the ſilent night ſhe was taking her reſt.
The innocent heart that was lodg'd in her breaſt,
By love the fair creature was wounded ſo deep,
That waking ſhe ſtrait was oppreſſed to weep.

She reaſon'd awhile by herſelf as ſhe lay,
And ſaid, I'm a wealthy charmer and gay,
Eſteemed by perſons of honour and fame,
And muſt I love William, ſweet William by name?

A man of mean parents who came from the plow,
I'd willingly ſlight him but cannot tell how,
The more that I ſtrive to forget him I find,
The deeper he is placed in my heart and mind.

I find it's a folly to ſtrive againſt fate,
Since abundance of powers of love are ſo great,
That all muſt ſurrender and freely comply,
Where Cupid doth conquer, and ſo muſt I.

Now here is a ſtrange and wonderful thing,
The which in the world in truth I muſt bring;
Her lover and ſervant, Sweet William it ſeems,
That very ſame night had the ſweeteſt of dreams.

He dream'd that his lady lay cloſe in his arms,
while he had the honour to riffle her charms;
And with all the freedom he did her poſſeſs,
He bluſh'd at his folly and laugh'd in his breaſt.

He turn'd on his back, and ſlumber'd again,
Till part of the night he did entertain:
And in his ſweet ſlumber he heard a kind voice,
Riſe up and court her ſhe has made you her choice.

He was ſo ſurprized at the dream as he lay,
That when William did ariſe the next day,
He made obſervation if that he might gueſs,
In hopes to partake of the great happineſs.

With that he preſumed to give her a kiſs,
She anſwer'd, Pray, what's the meaning of this?
I needs muſt confeſs you are ſomething to bold,
And I ſhall take care that your maſter is told.

I needs muſt confeſs, fair lady he cry'd,
That I am not worthy to make you my bride,
But love, your fair beauty hath wounded me ſo,
That I cannot live if you anſwer me no.

The beautiful lady did anſwer him ſtrait,
Come William what makes you talk at this rate?
What think you my honour'd father will ſay,
If you ſhould delude his fair daughter away?

The joy of his heart his love and delight;
You know he's a man of honour and might,
And think you that he will his daughter beſtow,
On a ſervant-man you will find it not ſo.

I needs muſt confeſs you are of noble birth,
And I a ſervant the meaneſt on earth;
Yet nevertheleſs by the powers above,
I will venture my life for the ſmiles of my love.

I have not the power to go from my dear,
And ſo let thy father prove e'er ſo ſevere,
Whatever befalls I will patiently take,
And count it an honour to die for your ſake.

The words were ſo moving, that tears from her eyes,
Did flow in abundance, and thus ſhe replies,
I readily grant thee thy own requeſt,
And you with the love of a lady are bleſt.

Hence courtſhip, embraces, and kiſſes are free,
And then the next morning they both did agree,
That they would not make any longer delay,
But both would be wedded the very next day.

Now to manage the wedding they both deſign'd,
She begg'd of her father he would be ſo kind,
To let her ride forth a relation to ſee,
And likewiſe ſweet William her guardian ſhould be.

Her father immediately gave his conſent;
So then the next morning together they went
To a little village, where married they were
In private, no friends nor relations were there.

And in a friend's houſe together did lie,
Where love did afford them a happy ſupply:
And then the next morning by break of day,
To her nam'd relations they haſted away.

Now when to her friends and relations they came,
This beautiful lady of honour and fame
Was highly eſteem'd, ſo was William alſo;
Yet none of the wedding did any thing know.

Now when with her friends they tarried awhile,
This beautiful lady did ſay with a ſmile,
Come, William, now let us return with ſpeed,
My father will think he has loſt us indeed.

They mounted with ſpeed and away did ride,
Sweet William, and likewiſe the beautiful bride;
Whoſe honour'd charms he did much adore,
Yet all was kept private for ſix months and more.

And proving with child her father eſpy'd,
Alas! ſhe the marriage no longer could hide,
But told him the truth in every part,
At which he was vex'd and griev'd to the heart.

Said he, I'm offended at what you have done;
You know I had neither daughter nor ſon,
Not in this whole world I do ſolemnly ſwear;
Then how could you bring me to ſorrow and care?

It is but a folly, dear father, to chide.
If I had the chance of three kingdoms beſide,
There's none I could fancy like Billy my dear,
Therefore I would have you to be of good cheer.

To marry for honour is folly indeed,
To marry for riches much ſorrow may breed,
This is my opinion and ever ſhall hold,
That love in abundance is better then gold.

Her honour'd father was ſoon reconcil'd,
And call'd for ſweet William and ſaid, my dear child,
So fetch forth your parents from fair Dorſetſhire,
And let them partake of your happineſs here.

Since providence has made you my ſon I declare,
I'd willingly bring them from ſorrow and care,
And cauſe them to live in a plentiful ſtate,
For why ſhould they labour when you are ſo great!

Then William before him bow'd to the ground,
Becauſe he ſuch favour and kindneſs had found,
She ſaid, Honour'd father, the deed is well done,
I hope he will make you a dutiful ſon.

The coach was made ready for him and his bride,
Away to the place of his birth they did ride,
The firſt that he ſaw was his father at plough :
Come leave off your labour and go with me now.

Where muſt I go, you fine fellow, quoth he,
Thy face untill now I never did ſee,
Said he, But you have for I am your ſon,
Come leave off your labour for your work is done.

And here's my dear ſpouſe, your daughter-in-law,
Then turning about, his mother he ſaw,
As ſhe was coming ſtrait over the land,
He run and took he: faſt hold by the hand.

While they were talking two brothers came by,
And unto his parents he made this reply,
Leave all that you have to my brothers, quoth he,
And come in the coach you ſhall go with me.

He rode to the next town, and cloathed them both
And ſaid, Honeſt parents, take notice henceforth,
You ſhall be releaſed from ſorrow and care,
Since it was my fortune to win this lady fair.

F I N I S.

OLD SONGS,

Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD.

Children in the Wood
Seven Champions of Chriſtendom
Cat-Skin
Death and the Lady
Twenty-ſeven Songs of Robin Hood
Poor Robin's Dream
Plymouth Tragedy; or, Suſan's Overthrow
Pretty Green Coat Boy
'Squire Vernon's Fox-Chace
Famous Flower of Serving Men
Wandering Prince of Troy
Choice Pennyworth of Wit
Yarmouth Tragedy
Golden Bull
Jane Shore
Oxford Ramble
Dorſetſhire Miracle
Tranſported Felons
Teague's Ramble
Spaniſh Lady's Love to an Engliſh Captain
Northern Knight's Garland
Leeds Tragedy; or, The Bloody Brother
Humours of Rag Fair
Gloceſterſhire Tragedy
Diſtreſt Lady's Garland
Chevy Chace
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Wandering Shepherdeſs
Factor's Garland
Broken Contract
Bite upon Bite
Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green
Briſtol Bridegroom; or The Ship Carpenter's Love to the Merchants Daughter
Anacreon's Feaſt
Death of Sir Andrew Barton
New Mad Tom
Cobler's wife's diſcovery
Diſobedient Son and Cruel Huſband
Somerſetſhire Tragedy
Welch Wedding
Lamentable Ballad of the Lady's Fall
Fair Maiden